

Take a Trip on the Canal if You Want to Have Fun (part 2 of 3)

Take a Trip on the Canal if You Want to Have Fun (part 2 of 3)

AFS 1604 B1

She was set on the deck box the barrel or the hatch, And I think what the cook room she was hard to match. And I have been round that the poor and the rich, But the jolliest bunch I have found on the ditch.

With them just be courteous and always play fair, For someone's around who will not take a dare. Forget everything and with them become one, And you know what their life is an ocean of fun.

When we would pass a boat or lay up for the night, She sure would get nervous, sometimes want to fight. If one would buck us then up went her airs, She was like a dry match you could easy strike fire.

She always found fault with the bowline and blade, The step stores and steam hatch could all better be made. The stern swells would get her we'd laugh everyone, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

We had a few mascots a source of delight, That the locks where a chickens ??? [others?] would fight. The pigs they would squeal, rabbits up quick and get, The pigeons would coo, show their colors and grit.

All along we were welcome as showers and spring, And at night we had music would play, yodel, sing. My mind travels back to the ditch when 'twas young, No place in the world has such oceans of fun.

Library of Congress

Our mules they were peppy you should see them prance, The hard water step they would gracefully dance. They knowed there stuff oh, I'd say they were trained, The voice of the drivers to them the refrain.

Our leader was wise for he knew many things, He kept up the line while the cook she would sing. So all work together whatever may come, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

Oh yes she was great always kept in the right, In meeting a boat let it be day or night. If on the off side he would stop, drop the line, Wait till it was clear did everything fine.

You could call, signal, whistle, he knew [and obey?], And when he was hungry you should hear him bray. But the cook sure annoyed him, at her he would run, She would yell like a tiger for him it was fun.

She pose as a star always shining so bright, She quit the stars everything that came in sight. The [scroll tiller?], crew lines, big bucket, and chains, The pole, staunches, pulls lines all gave her a pain.

But we all kept moving no time for such stuff, And knew she'd come out of it that was enough. In her estimation she was going some, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

The cook she's a daisy she's dead gone on me, She's fiery, redheaded a sweet sixty-three. The captain, the bosun, the drivers, yes all, Just one look at her and they backwards would fall.

Her mind it is gone for she gave it away, And how many pieces she gave me each day. She's blind eyed and saddened, she's a dumpling a pet, We used her for a headlight at night on the deck.

Library of Congress

We were up rough and ready would meet anything, If it work, fun, and play we would dance, yodel, sing. No doubt we were clannish but that's not our fault, If town jakes got funny we did call a halt.

We met opposition aboard on our homes, The canallers were famous for holding their own. We lived our own lives was a gay easy one, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.